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THE

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

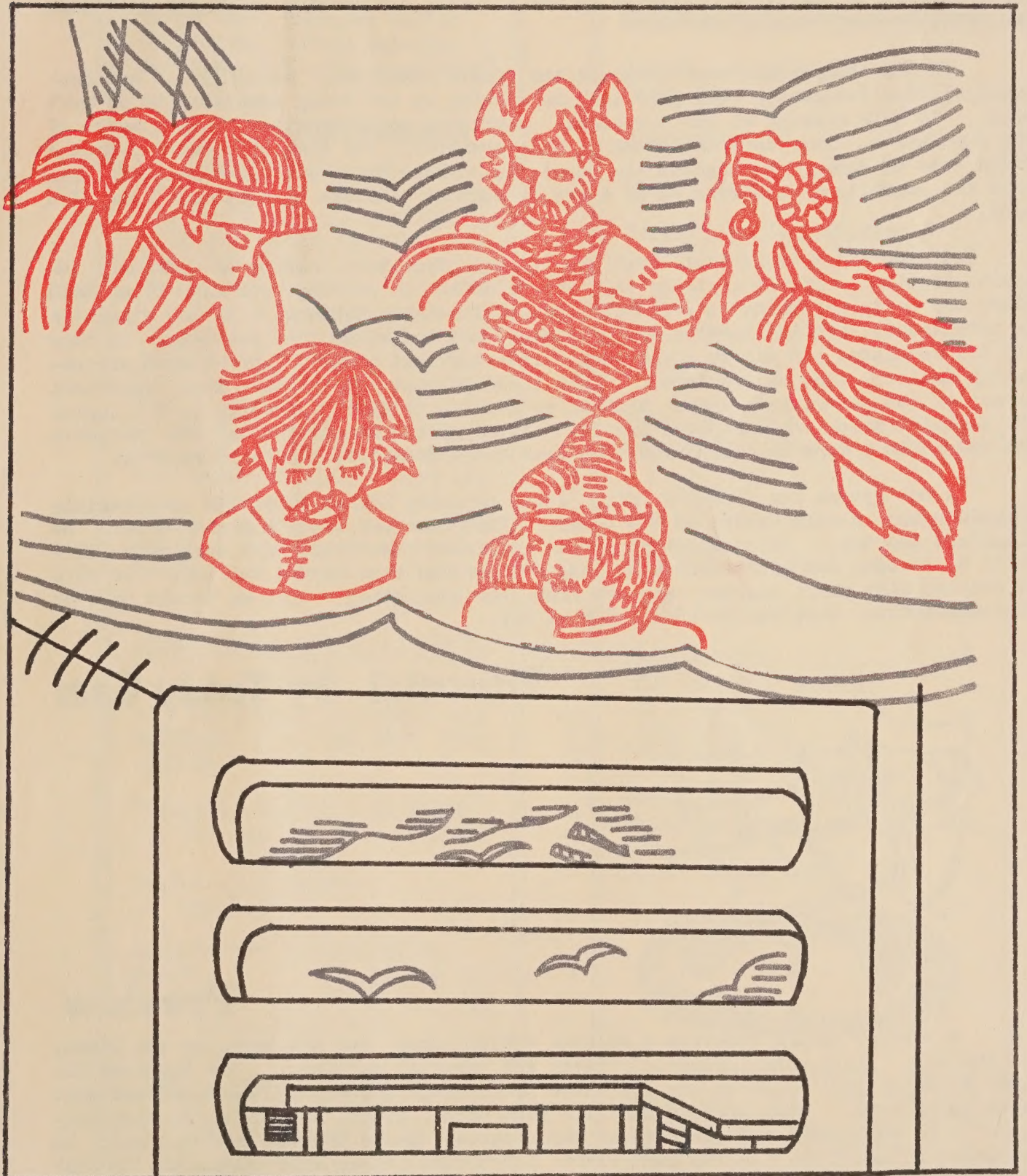
JUN 27 1977

DEAD LINES,
DATE LINES,
GOOD LINES,
BAD LINES

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COMMUNICATOR

SPRINGHILL PENITENTIARY



Inmate Committee Renewed

After many months with a diminished Inmate Committee, recent elections have established a new committee with a full compliment of eight members; two from each unit. Once again all the units are fully represented and all the accumulated work shall be tackled. Under the leadership of Chairman Bobby Boutillier, the committee will initiate proposals on the upcoming major events, such as Family Visiting Day and Field Day, not to mention all the items that arise from time to time.

Over the years the Inmate Committee has seen a lot of ups and downs, highlighted by the periods when Mel Young and Blair DeBaie were chairmen. The well structured organization of the committee during their terms of office led to an effective committee which was able to tackle the many issues that came to their attention. To attain the same high degree of effectiveness will require support from the population, not only in an encouraging word to the new members, but active participation by interested parties in the planning and working of Inmate Committee projects.

It has always been easy to knock the Inmate Committee, certainly it has happened all too frequently. The hard task is getting up and doing something to support them. To help drawing up the proposals, gathering up information and the ideas of the population, increases the power of the committee, for then they can act from a broad base of support throughout the population. There is a vast assortment of tasks that the committee can work on if there is support and the occasional lend of a hand.

It has often been said that the Inmate Committee can never persuade the Administration to permit anything they are reluctant to permit, but many times both sides may be in agreement in principle and still nothing happens. If the committee is persistent, all the hurdles can be cleared and the situation resolved. In this way the committee can act as a watchdog, insuring that whenever privileges are unjustly denied, they be restored. This leads to what may be the most important aspect of the committee's work, that is to provide feedback directly to the top of the administration on conditions inside. This way the administrators can perceive the prison in a more balanced view than what comes from just the staff reports.

A new system for dealing with items by going directly to the responsible administrator should speed up the works. This is under study now and should be finalized shortly. This important system will make committee work much more efficient in sorting out situations with less hot air and time wasted talking. If this is coupled with whole hearted support from the population, then we should have an Inmate Committee that can do things for us all.

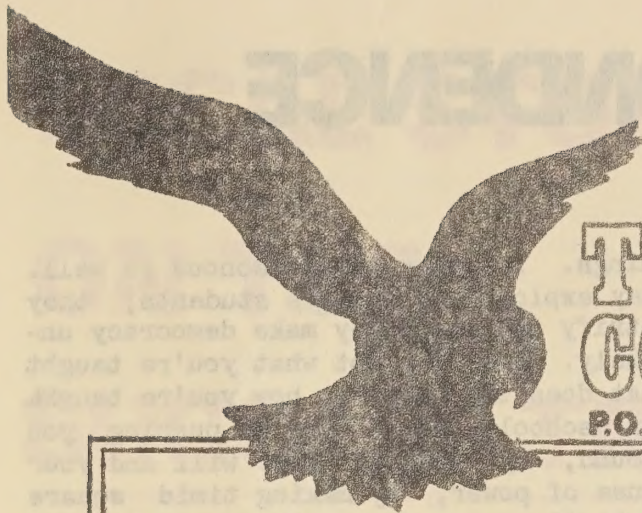
Editorial by Teddy Carr



Preview

A belated spring deserves a belated spring issue, and so, bring on the lines, one and all. Late news includes reviews and memorial services. Our features include an analytical look at the grievance procedure; the good, the bad, and what needs to be done. Then there's a little good common sense advice in "Problem Solving." To compliment all our regular departments, there are two new sections: in the area of "Feelings," a few guys start expressing themselves while the "Books" section gives you a sampling of books available here and on the street.

There is no "Puzzled Times" in this issue, but for those of you still struggling with the last one, we apologize for throwing you a curve ball; a letter misplaced here, a word missing there. Puzzling, wasn't it.



THE COMMUNICATOR

P.O. BOX 2140, SPRINGHILL, NOVA SCOTIA

"... the second aspect of the entire operation of the prison system is that you cannot expect men to live under an arbitrary, ruthless and unfair scheme where they have no redress to the courts and then expect them to come out and be decent human beings again. We must make the system rational and responsible, and we must give inmates some kind of redress for wrongs that are done to them. Then we have a right to expect order and decency inside prisons, but not until."

Clayton Ruby, a spokesman for the Criminal Lawyers Association of Ontario.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

While recently reading William MacAllister's article The Strike in the Communicator (Vol. VI #1) I could not help but observe the many similarities the prison system has with the school system. Perhaps prisoners have not been aware of this, so as a former student I would like to draw some comparisons. Of course, the inhumanity of the school system is not as severe but the desired result is the same - to turn the inmates of both institutions into slaves of authority.

Students have their own wardens and gaurds, more commonly referred to as principals and teachers, who try their best, and succeed, in creating an atmosphere of repression. Here, I would like to refer back to page 5 of the Communicator. In the article 'Dining Hall Madness' the writer, after having been told to keep his place in the line, asked "Why" only to be told "Because I said so" by a guard. Students also, when they even bother to ask, receive similar replies rather than a sound explanation.

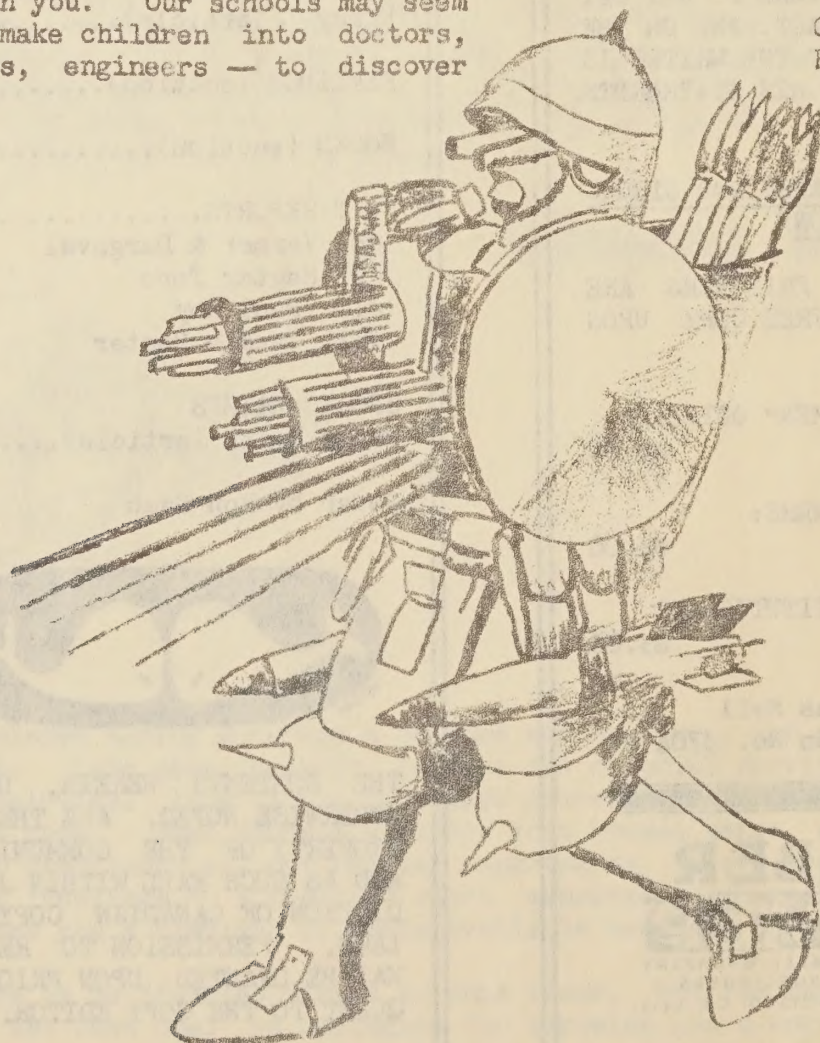
Schools to some may seem to be fine institutions but as Jerry Farber says in his book The Student as Nigger: "School is where you let the dying society put its trip on you. Our schools may seem useful! to make children into doctors, sociologists, engineers - to discover

things. But they are poisonous as well. They exploit and enslave students; they petrify society; they make democracy unlikely. And it's not what you're taught that does the harm but how you're taught. Our schools teach you by pushing you around, by stealing your will and your sense of power, by making timid square apathetic slaves out of you - authority addicts."

The intent of sending kids to school is to turn out submissive members of the community. They continue to work on those who choose to go on to university and unless the students, by this time, are aware of that fact, the education system succeeds. One then must realize that the prison system is merely a continuation of the process forced upon those who have not yet conformed. It is a coersive training which is used to produce docile individuals.

If there is any group in our society who can relate to the plight of the prisoner it is probably the student. Perhaps when they have succeeded in creating a reasonable atmosphere for themselves they will fully recognize the needs of the incarcerated and help to bring about change.

Grace Morris
Hants County, N.S.



LOCAL STOPS ON THE SUCCESS TRAIN

Billy Budd

They came in the early morning of a Saturday after a long week of blowing snow. The truck was heavily laden with goods and chattles, all sorts of items, for their's was a large task indeed. As the day progressed, they transformed the plain auditorium into a mighty war ship of the Royal Navy during a period nearly 200 years ago. With decks and poops, galley and foc'sle, and all the little extras that make a theatre, they created a setting for drama in what was once a humble auditorium.

On Saturday, March 26, 1977, the population of Springhill was treated to something other than the usual Saturday night special, in the personage of the Theatre Antigoniash and their presentation of "Billy Budd." This classic play was written by Herman Melville, author of "Moby Dick."

The play starts out showing life aboard a British warship running the blockade of France around 1800. The crew is quick to brawl; there is talk of mutiny; and of course the food is lousy. Then enter Claggart, the Master-of-Arms, a despotic petty officer who thrills himself by continually breaking swagger sticks over the crew members. Claggart delights in belittling the crew, and he takes pride in the vehemence with which they hate him.

One day a fresh face comes aboard as a new crew member, namely William Budd: ten years in the Merchant Marine, friendly sort, stutters when excited, and when he is sufficiently taunted, promptly proves he can scrap with the best of them. The play builds slowly in the developing tension between the villain Claggart, played by Keith Suddaby, and his alter ego, Billy, played by Tim Johnstone. These two men circle each other with the lust of their opposite personalities; Claggart the bully, and Billy with his indomitable drive to see only the good in men. Their relation was philosophically put to words by the senior crewman Dansker, played convincingly by Mike O'Connor. His Scandina-



vian accent was clearly heard above the creaking and the occasional splash, provided by 'On time Canman,' who ran the sound equipment. In talking with the crew after the show, it was easy to see where the authentic British sea rogue twang was developed. Names like MacIsaac, Ryan, McKim, O'Conner, MacLeod, and MacDonald have survived the Canadian Unity Campaign, and the far eastern part of the country still produces a unique sound.

The culmination of Claggart's kniving leads to Billy being charged with mutiny. Billy, a lad who stutters due to a speech impediment, cannot get the words out to defend himself and strikes out in frustration. Then comes the high point of the play, the court martial, and the debate that follows the review of evidence and testimony. Basically they agree that Billy is innocent of the mutiny charges (they knew Claggart had lied), but he had struck and killed a superior in time of war, which demands that he hang. The debate rages on, and is by far the most moving of all scenes. At last the starch went out of the actors and they became consumed with their roles; proclaiming Billy's innocence, arguing that very basic tenet of British law that there must be criminal intent for there to be crime, and finally gripping the reality of their situation and consequently what must be done.

One must commend the patience of the performers, who were subjected to a barrage of catcalls and asinine comments as if it was a hockey game. The show was made impossible to hear by this conduct of a few, and consequently many people left early. It is worthy of mention however that some of the comments were quite accurate. An example of this

was when the crew was involved in some cavorting, and the approach of one of the officers was chorused with calls of "here comes the heat" and the traditional "six". The parallels of prison life to that of a British ship of war were easily identified by the audience.

The play was brought to us through the courtesy of the St. Francis Xavier University Freshman class, the St. F.X. Liturgical Council, 50/50 Ticket Draw, Springhill Institution, the Inmate Recreational Committee, and the Prison Arts Foundation. Our thanks go out to all those who made this event possible, and especially to those who worked for 17 long hours on that snowy Saturday.

More Petition Results

Great gobs of money was spent recently on a monster of a speaker set up and amp so, at long last, the sound track to movies can be heard, understood, and enjoyed. This problem was centered out in the item on Movies in the Petition last summer, as reported in Vol V, #3 of The Communicator. After six months of wrangling, finally something has been done, and the benefits can be seen by fewer early departures from the show.

We recently became aware of yet another form letter from those quiet bureaucrats, the National Parole Service. This one comes on lovely green paper and deals with the subject of TLA requests. Very briefly it states the date they received the request for Community Assessment from Springhill, and that it has been forwarded to the appropriate office to be dealt with. Then, on a hopeful note, it informs you to "anticipate the community assessment being returned in approximately four weeks time."

Such a novel item as a new form letter naturally aroused our curiosity, so a letter was zipped off to Mr. Dave Lavers, District Director of the National Parole Service office in Truro, N.S., to find out more about it. He was kind enough to reply promptly with some comments on the reasons why this letter came to be, so let's hear what he has to say: "... This form letter was devised by Mr. Mahoney as a result of our meeting with the Inmate Committee last October 27th. We felt that the Committee raised a very valid point regarding the length of completion of some Community Assessments for TLA's."

He goes on to say that often the request for Community Assessment is slow in getting to them, "for good reasons,"

so that brings the ball right back here where it started from.

At least now there is some direct contact between the NPS and the inmate involved. It won't in any way solve the problems of those who waited many, many months for a CA in the past, but hopefully in the future this will answer questions that arise during the waiting period. Once again we have witnessed a positive result from the Petition, the subject under the heading of Communication Gap.



get fast answers

Prisons Haven't Improved

OTTAWA (CP)—Despite a Federal Court of Canada ruling last year that solitary confinement is cruel and unusual punishment, conditions in penal institutions have not improved, says the annual report of the correctional investigator, Inger Hansen.

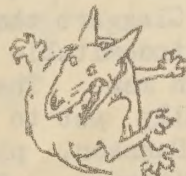
The report, tabled Thursday in the Commons, says more colourful paint or larger windows have been added to some segregation areas of prisons, but the actual conditions have not changed.

The correctional investigator, who acts as an ombudsman for prisoners, also questions the practice of placing mentally disturbed prisoners in the type of solitary confinement which now exists in most institutions.

"Segregation of such inmates may be necessary, the horrible conditions are not," says Hansen.

The report was especially critical of the Laval Maximum Security Institute near Montreal.

A surprise visit made to the institute last spring found garbage which was several days old and piled up to a foot high in hallways of the institute's B-1 segregation area. Prisoners had refused to clean the mess and there were no civilian cleaners, the report said.



Coalition And Supportive Services In Memorium

During the last $1\frac{1}{2}$ years, an organization in Halifax has put ex-inmates to work in the community. In an effort to find work for those who had the least skills, often young people who had held no jobs before, the Coalition and Supportive Services had great success with keeping people out of jail. Of all the people who worked for CSS over the years only 8% had more trouble with the law. Compared to the national average of 85%, that was a big accomplishment.

In addition to ex-inmates, CSS hired some handicapped people part time and was maintaining a work force of 22 people at last count. The workers were assigned tasks for the poor or elderly, such things as house repairs or painting, and through their work providing a necessary social service to the community. Besides that, there was the all important aspect of meaningful participation in the community which contributes to rehabilitation.

Now the funds have been cut off. Originally sponsored by an LIP grant and later taken under the wing of Manpower, CSS has been cut off from the needed \$208,000 a year. It seems no government department in Ottawa wants CSS anymore, even though it has been called "the most effective and best directed (project) in Canada," by the Solicitor General's Deputy Minister. Many attempts to discuss the project with Francis Fox have been largely fruitless. His department did offer \$17,000, but that was insufficient. The scope of his department does not go beyond release from the gates of prison.

It may be said that the government is on financially hard times, but the sad fact is the costs to taxpayers is likely to go up. If you count all the government benefits and expenses which will now be necessary, it adds up to nearly \$400,000.



Citizens' Advisory Committee

Since the last issue, the Citizen's Advisory Committee has had two meetings. Several items of interest were discussed and cleared up.

The C.A.C. received a communication from some people in the local area showing their confusion about the nature of the Accent on Youth program of this institution. Mrs. Cottingham has received a brochure of this program, and will be forwarding it to the concerned people.

Mr. Gibbs reported that there would be no Cops 'N Cons game this year as the institution does not have a strong team and the RCMP does this year.

Frank Oliver delivered his report on the "Contact" group. The group is slowly getting organized, according to plan, and as of the April meeting, they have had one group visit to the home.

A lengthy report on Diversion was prepared and discussed, as one of the C. A.C.'s from the Ontario region has asked all the committees across the country to support the cause of Diversion. We are attempting to form an educated opinion on this subject, and will be inviting an expert on this subject to the June meeting.

There was some concern in the Amherst area about people on Mandatory Supervision being without jobs, and the fact that there is no after-care agency in the local area. Some correspondence with the Truro Office of the National Parole Service has shown how many people are in the area, and the Committee will be in touch with the John Howard Society to make them aware of the problem, and to see if they have any ideas.

The Committee expressed optimism for the results of the Parliamentary Investigating Committee, based on the few press releases from individual members of that body.

The Committee may be visiting the Shulie Lake Institution in May. Some of the members have not seen the facility since its completion. The arrangements will have to be made with Mr. Chitty, as he is in charge there.

As of the April meeting, there has been only one submission for the annual institutional float, and it was similar to the previous model. After some discussion it was decided that the theme of "Corrections" was too limiting, and that there would be more participation if the

design was open. This will be communicated to the people responsible for the selection, and if they agree, this news will in turn be transmitted to the population.

A committee should be visiting the institution on April 21 or 22, to gauge the reaction to the idea of women working in the CX (security) area. They are to be seeing a great variety of people when they visit.

A meeting has been planned for June in the Pugwash area, and the members are asked to bring someone from the community along. We are still having trouble generating interest in the local area.

The Track Shoe Waltz

It was a gala evening at the 'Old Auditorium', April 23rd and the place was crowded with sportsmen in their flashiest sweat suits with their damsels hanging on their arms. The occasion was Sports Banquet 77, with Emcee Jack Floyd and his Royal Canadians providing the toe-tapping tunes for all the dancing young couples. To kick off the evening's festivities, an action film of highlights of the last 50 years of baseball was shown, and the effect was enthusiasm for the upcoming ball season. This was followed by a short, light hearted talk from Frank Baldwin, one of many guests at the head table. Then Gypsy's catering brought out a fine spread, served graciously by a crew

immaculately dressed from head to toe. Award's time came with a well deserved round of applause for each and every recipient of a trophy.

The emotional high point of the evening came when Percy Mills was presented with a trophy as coach of LU #8's champion ball hockey team. Percy, who originally engineered the basic groundwork of the festivities while he was chairman of the Inmate Committee, has just completed part 1 of segregation therapy for his disruptive tendencies. Now back in the "A.C. Rest Home" for retired inmates, Percy is awaiting his delayed release. Thanks go to those who made sure that Percy was able to attend the party, and to all who worked so hard to make the evening a success.

L.S.O.T.S.T.

The winds of March have blown away, April's fools are laughs gone by, and another issue is in your hands. Serious now, we've recuperated from the zaniness of a long winter cooped up in the Maritimes, and with the rites of Spring in progress, we thank those who've contributed to LSOTST this time. If you have a newsworthy item that deserves attention, write a little something and give it to us. All contributors will be rewarded with a free one year subscription mailed anywhere in the world. The editors keep the right to make the final decision to print.

The Accent on Youth program in Springhill Institution is a program run by a group of concerned inmates. After being an active member of the group for a time inmates go out to speak to children and their parents with the hope that through the experiences of the speaker, they may be deterred from a life which leads to the courts and prison.

To be a member of this group, all that a guy has to do is show his sincerity by attending the weekly meetings. With the help of more experienced members, each new member prepares his presentation, and is taught how to deliver it in front of people. After this he is recommended by the Chairman for the TLA program, subject, of course, to the approval of the unit and director.

Chairman
M. Horns 2847



CONTROLLED CONFRONTATION

by TEDDY CARR



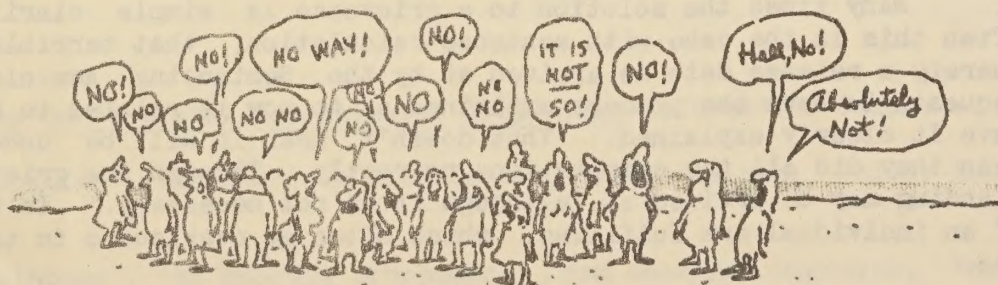
On April 14, 1971, Kingston Penitentiary exploded after a century of dreadful conditions. The Swackhamer Report, Which attempted to set the record straight on the K.P. riot, made certain recommendations to help avoid further prison rebellions. The results were the creation of the Correctional Investigator, with Inger Hansen assuming the responsibilities in June of 1973, and later in the year came Commissioner's Directive #241, the Inmate Grievance procedure.

CD #241 was written by someone in a backroom of an office complex in Ottawa, a long ways from Kingston Pen, both in miles and understanding. Although it is full of the technical language and structure necessary for the framework of such a program to protect inmates, it falls far short in practical application for a number of reasons. The original intent to provide a system through which an inmate could vent his frustrations when he felt wronged was proper, but the designers of the system were not involved at a brass tacks level of dealing with such situations. Therefore when the process was handed down on December 10, 1973, it was met with less than open handed enthusiasm.

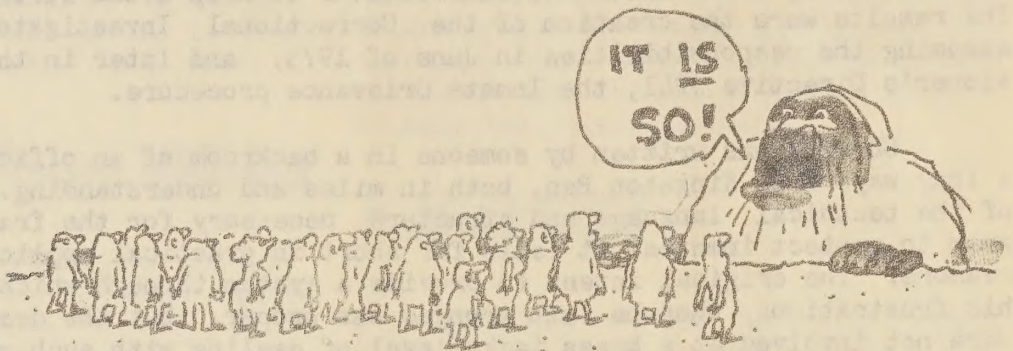
In a few states, particularly California and the department of Youth Authority therein, work has been done in an effort to develop procedures that work well. They call it Controlled Confrontation, which is described as "peaceful Confrontation as an alternative to violence." The main objective is to bring the two adversary parties together to talk out the problem, perhaps with arbitration by an independent third party.

At a seminar in Ottawa last fall this subject was discussed at length. Some comments made by Ms. Linda Singer displayed a good understanding of what changes are needed in the grievances presently at use here. She outlined a number of principles, but the first and most important was that both inmates and staff at the Living Unit level should be the designers of a grievance system. With this as a starting point, interest in and a commitment to the procedure by all those involved is generated at the first level, which is where it counts. Consequently, the resulting decisions are more acceptable and less likely to go on to higher authorities. More significant is the clear understanding of how the system should work and why it works for those who will use it. With inmates relating the procedures to other inmates and staff relating it to other staff, then confidence in the system should be established, which is all important if the procedure is going to work at all. In the climate of increasing violence within prison walls, there is a need for an effective system to defuse atleast a part of the tension.

Another very important point emphasized by Ms. Singer was the fear of reprisals if a grievance is initiated by an inmate. The old standby of 'quick trip to Dorchester' looms very large in the hallways of Springhill. It is necessary to generate a feeling of trust, not only for the grievance procedure, but for the further goals of maintaining a peaceful prison climate. To do this would require a forthright statement from the Director against reprisals. On top of that should be a review of the track record so far; how have the grievances been dealt with in the past and what reprisals have resulted from them. This should do a lot for inspiring trust, if a favourable report could be found.



The idea of arbitration is new to the Canadian procedure. The purpose here would be very similar to the labour relations type arbitration, for grievances are not solely in the domain of prisons; in fact the same sort of problems occur throughout society with different significances. Consequently, it is only natural to include this tried and proven method of settling arguments. Recent events in the B.C. Penitentiary have been settled with participation of the Citizen's Advisory Committee at the negotiating table. This proved to be rather unsettling to staff at the B.C. Pen, who felt the C.A.C. participated in some sort of conspiracy. If citizens who were trained in arbitration techniques but totally unconnected with the prisons could be found, they could be valuable in solving the complex situations. Naturally, this would have to become a standardized procedure as a part of the overall grievance procedure, rather than an emergency measure at the discretion of the Director, as it now stands. If presented in a solid structure such as this, hopefully it would be more acceptable to all parties involved than it now seems to be.



Right now in Ottawa, a plan to reorganize the grievance procedure is under consideration by committees in the Commissioner of Penitentiaries office. In researching this article I wrote to Mr. C.G. Rutter, Director of Inmate Affairs in Ottawa requesting some materials and information on what is included in the proposed system. In replying to my letter he was evasive, but he sounds sincerely committed to inmate involvement in establishing a new grievance procedure. He also wished to hear what ideas I had on the subject, so I dedicate this article to him.

The problems in the grievance procedure as outlined in CD #241 are many fold, existing on many levels, from misunderstandings by inmates to limitations on action in higher administrations. The overall time factor involved of months before the grievance reaches the highest level of authority tends to overwhelm an inmate who is faced with an immediate predicament. On top of that, there are tricky technicalities written into CD #241 which require the inmate to act upon a reply to his grievance within five working days or forfeit his right to move on to the next level in the grievance hierarchy. In a prison where all things move damnably slow, weeks drifting into months and years, suddenly the onus is upon the inmate to act fast, which seems out of character. Certainly a statute of limitations is a necessary aspect of a grievance procedure, but it would seem reasonable to bring it into line with the ten days the administration has to respond to the grievance originally.

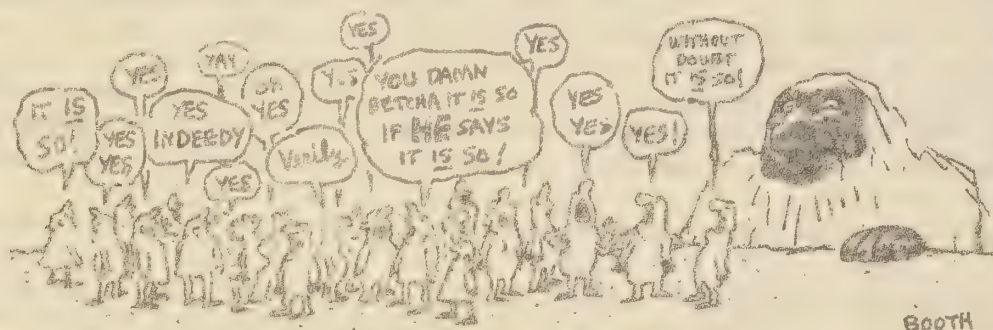
A more important problem that I have witnessed many times is the desire to go directly to the top first with a grievance. The feeling is understandable that, 'damnit, these people here don't understand. They're backing each other up. Maybe someone in Ottawa will listen.' The problem with that is that the administrators on a regional or national level are more rigidly bound by the Commissioner's Directives than the locals are. If it is at all possible to resolve the problem within the institution, then chances are the solution may be more creative because they can bend with the rules. On top of that, to fully resolve the situation locally on a more personal level will be more acceptable to one and all than any decree imposed from above. Of course, when no solution is possible, move on to the higher authorities, including all relevant information in support of the grievance.

Many times the solution to a grievance is simple clarification of details. Often this is the case with sentence calculation, that terrible web of regulations whereby a release date is arrived at by the Sentencing Administrator. Anyone who requests to have the process explained as to how it relates to his release date will have it clearly explained. That doesn't mean it will be understood, nor does it mean they did all the computations correctly. Through the grievance a better understanding may be arrived at, although it is not necessary. In this manner the needs of an individual are fulfilled, which often go overlooked in the daily prison routine.

On top of the entire grievance procedure is the Correctional Investigator, Inger Hansen. The position is often referred to as an Ombudsman, but Ms. Hansen personally typifies it as the role of an accountant. The job gives her access to any file on record so that she may review any case. If she can discover in the file an administrative error or perhaps an abuse of power by someone, she can report it and make recommendations to resolve the situation. The problem here is with everyday aggravations and abuses that never get written up are neglected in the filing process, and consequently are not evident in her review. She does visit various institutions from time to time, occasionally unannounced, and what she finds is sometimes very disturbing. When she visited Laval Institute early last year, the segregation unit was littered with garbage left to rot.

The position of Correctional Investigator is supplied with only limited powers. Those included are sufficient to look into any situation which may arise. When a grievance arrives at her door, the process can be mobilized to get to the bottom of the situation so that a clear understanding can be arrived at. She is not provided with the powers to administer justice in any way, for that would only substitute her for the present administration, which would mean they are all one in the end. The big power she does have is to present her findings to the public. The result of that is no administration would want to get caught in an abuse of power and consequently get exposed. This means that she is acting as a safeguard against injustice in the future, which is more important than any one grievance which may come to her attention. Being an independent person who reports to the Solicitor General and Parliament itself, the entire prison system must watch its step or bear the consequences. Again, the shortcoming is staff who act out of line yet are not doing so on record, so therefore get away with it.

Probably the most important work done by Inger Hansen and her office involve the various special investigations into events in prison, which is related to but separate from her work on grievances. Her continuous reports on conditions in segregation units in prisons across Canada have picked up where the court ruling left off. Only through this diligent work will the prison system slowly be transformed from the inhumane barbarism that has existed for so long.



Perhaps sometime this year we will see a new edition of CD #241, possibly with some fresh new insights into the whole process. If, in fact, they welcome inmate ideas into the system, it would be wise to be ready with some creative ideas on the subject. In the meantime the very existence of the present grievance procedure is often sufficient to cajole a reluctant action out of a staff member. Often the cry, 'Give me a grievance form!' will open many eyes. But it's not necessary to be a threat. Whenever possible, it is best to resolve the situation without the use of a grievance by going through channels in use here. The very nature of the first step in the grievance procedure, the 'Oral Complaint' is an informal attempt to come to an understanding regarding the situation, without force or written statements.

Recently, the Supreme Court of Canada made a ruling that reinforced the old principle that, once convicted, prisoners have no rights. If after that sad ruling we still have a grievance procedure, and possibly an improved one, that should be a sign of good faith on the part of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries and his staff. If not, so it goes...

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PROBLEM SOLVING

by GREG SCOTT

We all get cheesed off sometimes, and we all do our share of complaining, and criticizing too. Not a hell of a lot ever gets done this way, and we complain about that too. If you are one of the people we all know who like to complain and never doing anything about anything, then this stuff is not for you.

What I'm trying to do here is to lay out a system of thinking about problems so that they become clear, and when a problem is clear, the answer seems to appear, all by itself. Why I'm doing this is a bit more complicated. I get tired of seeing criticism all the time, and usually coming from people who have never tried to do a thing to make it any better.

Anyhow, if you're interested in doing something about it, read on.

REALIZE THAT THERE IS A PROBLEM. If you cannot do something you want to, the way you want, or something is always going wrong, or is seemingly "out to get you", then you do have a problem.

IDENTIFY THE PROBLEM. Problems are usually of one kind or another, or might be a combination. They look complicated, but if you are careful, and not too impatient, it will become clear what kind of problem you have. The following list shows some of the most common types.

Mechanical problems are found when something is broken, or cannot do something it usually does.

Design or Planning problems are found when something cannot do what you want it to because it simply cannot do that thing, as it has not been put together right, or because it does not have the right effect. As an example in this article we shall use the idea of trying to pull a train up a hill with a thread, and trying to change a tire using a bottle opener, or shouting at someone who doesn't understand you.

Understanding problems are when you want to do something, but don't know how to go about it. It also happens when you lose control or something which you don't know about suddenly pops up and screws up your project. We will look at driving a car, building a house, and speaking another language.

Maintenance problems are very common. We find these when your car runs out of gas or when you find that your socks are all dirty when you need a pair, or when you find that someone around you is constantly at odds with you, or is causing you to have problems.

There are many more types of problems, but you probably get the idea.

EXAMINE THE SYMPTOMS. Before we can do anything, we have to see exactly what the problem is. We can use the list we just made to see if the problem is any one of them.

Mechanical things. A car is a good example because we all know what they are, and we've all experienced some type of problem there. Let's say that this car is leaking oil, but you don't know where from. Drive the car onto a clean area, and wait for a while. You will notice a spot under a particular part of the car. Get under the car, and look to see where it is coming from. (problem solving is not for people who are afraid to get dirty) Anyhow, let's say that you see oil by this bolt in the motor. It would be pretty safe to assume that the oil is coming from that place, we will look at the bolt later because we are still examining, keeping our hands in our pockets, or somewhere where they'll stay put.

Design or Planning problems. You must look to see how the thing is unable to do for you what you want it to. The thread keeps breaking as you come unto it to get your train up the hill. The bottle opener, which managed to get the hubcap off, cannot seem to get a grip on the nuts which hold the tire in place. The guy who can't understand you can hear you. Shouting at him might help if he was deaf, but that isn't the problem. The problem is that he cannot understand, you are not getting through to him.

Understanding problems. These are common when we do something for the first time. They come up because we know what we want to do, but not how to do it. With the example of the car, let's pretend that you were taught to drive an automatic, and are required to drive a standard. We've all seen what happens when someone drives a standard for the first time.

Building a house is the same type of thing. Everybody knows what a house looks like and everyone has a basic idea of how they are built, but would you run out and buy, not leaving anything out, all the necessary materials, and then put it together? I doubt that very much. The symptoms of an understanding problem in this area would show up as you didn't get the walls up straight, and the doors rattle and all that

stuff. In the case of having to communicate with someone who speaks a different language, it gets more complicated. If he speaks only Hungarian, and you speak only English, the symptom is that you cannot reach each other using the usual method. It will look like a design or planning problem, also. Where we run into the most trouble, however, is when we are supposed to be speaking the same language, but still have trouble getting across our ideas. If I am using words that you don't know, or the words I use have a different meaning to me than to you, we will have difficulty, at the very least.

Maintenance problems. These happen through carelessness, or through forgetting to take care of some detail. If your car runs out of gas, and you are stuck on the side of the road, then you have a maintenance problem. When you find that all your socks are dirty, then you have a maintenance problem there too. Not getting along with the people around us is a maintenance problem too, but it is harder to look after than others. It may be their fault, but it is our problem, and there are a few things you can do about it, too.

EXAMINE THE CAUSES. This is where things get complicated and simple at the same time. If you have followed these steps carefully, then some problems have already been solved, and you are just waiting to put a solution to work.

With the leaking oil, we can check to see if the bolt is loose. With the thread and train problem, it was obvious long ago that the thread was simply not strong enough. The same goes for the bottle opener and the tire we are still waiting to change. Shouting at our poor friend is not good enough. We have to look and see why he does not understand. It could be that he cannot speak your language, or maybe he has a learning problem. It could be that you are not using your language right. Of course it is simple for you, as you already understand. It is he who can not seem to get ahold of the idea, and we might be right to say that he is the one with the problem, but that is not what we're doing here. The problem we're looking at is that you cannot communicate your idea to him, like you want to, so it becomes your problem. The solution to your problem might involve solving his problem for him. When we look at the house we'd like to build, the cause is simple enough. We just don't have the information we need. The standard car is the same. We are not able to do what we want because we don't know how to go about it. No one expects you to know, if you've never done something before, so there's nothing to be ashamed of here. With the language problem, it's the same thing again. I am using one word to mean one thing, and that word means something else to you, or in the case of a foreign language, I have one word for something, and you have another. Maintenance problems like running out of gas and having no clean socks are simple. You have not remembered to do something, even though you know it has to be done. With other people, things get a bit more complicated (it seems) because we cannot control them, or their ideas, as everyone looks at the world differently, and that is as it should be in this type of society. To get along with people without remembering that they are allowed, to see things however they like, is almost impossible. If you remember you are not "right" for everyone and they are not "wrong", then the process that we will get into soon is not so bad.

If someone around you is making you mad all the time, it is important to find out what he is doing that makes you mad, if he is doing anything to make you mad or if it is your own hangup that is causing the problem.

If someone around you is always getting on your case and making life miserable, then something about you is causing it to happen. If it happens that what you are doing to get them hot is something you must do, then the problem is that they have a problem. It's still your problem, but the solution is up to them in the end.

DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT. Well, we finally get here. That nut leaking oil is in for it now, right? You bet. First, though, we should talk about what happens when you do something about it.

So far, we've realized that there is a problem, identified it, examined the symptoms and possible causes. The true test of a solved problem is when you have put your solution to work. If the problem stops, or changes, then you have done a positive thing. If the problem gets worse, stays the same, or makes more problems, then you have to go back through your steps and see where you fouled up. Before we pick answers to our problems, we should think very carefully about what we are about to do. We have to decide whether the problem is worth fixing. If you have a car worth \$200.00, and it needs a new motor which will cost \$750.00, then the idea of fixing it becomes unclear. You would have to check and see if you could buy another car for the same price as a new motor, if the motor will outlive the car, and all that kind of stuff. With a personal problem, let's say that you want to ask someone how to get to the grocery store, but the first person you ask speaks only Hebrew and

you don't. Now it wouldn't be too good an idea to run out and learn to speak his language just to ask a simple question. If everybody you met spoke Hebrew, then it might be a good idea, but not to just get to the store.

Fixing things is a problem, but in a good way. What I mean is that, if you have a problem which gets you upset every few days, and if you sit down and think about it for a while, maybe even a week, and make a decision to do something about it, and then do it, you will have at least entertained yourself for a week. It's a possibility that you will never be bugged by that thing again, because you've solved it. It's kind of like a game, but more serious, because the effects are still there when you've finished. When you decide to do something about it, whatever it is, you are really saying that you have some control over your life, and are going to do the best you can to make things better. It also means that you are accepting the responsibility for what you do and say. Anyhow, if by sitting down for a while and figuring things out you have managed to fix something, then your life becomes a bit more positive. You find that you are not at the mercy of the world, like a piece of straw. I get a lot of satisfaction out of solving problems, and it's a good ego boost too, when things go just as planned. People sometimes think you're cracked, 'cause you might burst out laughing at the wrong time (for them) because you've finally solved a problem in your head, or you might look like a thundercloud because it isn't going smooth at all, and you feel like your dog has just died. Another thing that happens is that you don't worry about things. When you have done your best to work it out, then you have done your best, and there's nothing left to do but wait and see.

I got off the track for a minute, but that bit had to fit in somewhere anyway so now we can get down to the point, which was DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT!!!

The leaky nut on that motor will have to be tightened, carefully. Then you park the car on another clean spot, and wait to see if it still drips. If it does not, the CONGRATULATIONS. You've just solved your first problem. However, if that bugger is still leaking, you're going to have to get dirty again.

If you still want to pull that train up the hill, you're going to have to get a lot stronger thread, string, rope, cable, chain, or whatever to do the job. You could try them all, or you could think about it and pick the one best suited to it. Another answer would be to go at it differently, like pushing it, or digging up the

continued on page 27



**SUBURBAN
DEPARTMENT
STORES**

NOVA SCOTIA

AMHERST Cumberland County Fair Mall	HALIFAX Bayers Road Shopping Center	
YARMOUTH 76 Starrs Road	NEW GLASGOW Aberdeen Mall	
SYDNEY Sydney Shopping Centre	NEW MINAS County Fair Mall	BEDFORD Sunnyside Shopping Plaza
TRURO Fundy Trail Shopping Centre	BRIDGEWATER Bridgewater Shopping Plaza	

NEWFOUNDLAND

ST. JOHN'S
Torbay Road Mall

NEW BRUNSWICK

MONCTON Moncton Mall	ST. JOHN Parkway Mall
FREDERICTON Fredericton Mall	

**PRINCE
EDWARD ISLAND**

SUMMERSIDE
County Fair Plaza

'WHERE YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED'

SUBSCRIBE TO THE COMMUNICATOR!!

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE

i

the bars, concrete,
and the years,

barriers of space
and time.

over there,
the sentinels,
rifles erect
and ready.

the courtyard,
shadowed
towards evening.

the high wall.

ii

under what strange spell
have you fallen?

you walk in a waking dream/
you sleep
and dream of freedom.

iii

of course,
you are guilty.

(you do not deny),

but you bear
a universal guilt,

the crime becomes
almost irrelevant.

iv

we meet
through devious means:

my poem in a magazine,
your letter

and now we write back and forth
sooner and sooner as if somehow
this ritual exchange of photographs
and books life histories and poems
could help us transcend touch
one the other

v

and having never touched,
we are lovers.

i take courage
from Heloise and Abelard,

but on their side
was God,
and we have Eros.

vi

and Eros is enough.

vii

sitting upon this chair
(a throne, subtle
instrument of torture):

the arms are your arms,
the seat, your lap.

you contain me
as i, you,

very deep and still,

i am impaled.

viii

and nights
in dreams (yours, mine)
i visit your cell,

i come to that narrow
celibate bed.

i fall upon you
trembling,
hair long and golden
tumbling:

we are enclosed
in light.

open

as i open,

we enter other realms.

Linda Pyke



visiting room

Linda Pyke is a 28 year old Toronto based poet. Recent publications in Saturday Night, Canadian Forum, Malahat Review and Miss Chatelaine. CBC's Anthology has also broadcast some of her work. The poetry in this issue was originally printed in the Canadian Forum, March, 1977.

i've heard the rumour
that God is for everyone
including sinners,
if one believes in sin,
and yet, i was amazed:

gazing upward, bound for bliss
(your hand in my skirt),
suddenly i saw the light
shafting in through stained glass,
simple motif: blue, green, yellow,
and then, the arching roof,
heavy parallel beams
like countless ribs or bars,
i was afraid.

consider those pious
rural Ontario men and women,
weary on Sundays, come to pray,
consider their parson
knew them all by name,
blessed them into the world and out,
blessed their unions, reunions,
their new-born, their still-born,
blessed, most of all, their land.

and he stood then,
where guards stand now,
a harsher sentry duty.



A TRIBUTE TO MOM

As long as I can remember
she's been there
To hold my hand when I was lonely
To kiss my bruises and brush my hair
To comfort me when no one understood
To always tell I should be good

She's gentle, kind and understanding
She's full of advise and love everlasting
She'll mold you and scold you until at last
you've learned from mistakes you've made in
the past.

She's hard, but she's soft,
She's strong, but she's weak,
She's always there with words of wisdom
to speak.

She goes on and on and never tires
when she should be resting by a cozy fire.

So in closing let me say
whether near or far away
that forever and a day-

I love you mom -

John Bailey

THE BLACK WOMAN

The black woman is a nation by herself,
She is able to be a nation by herself,
It is said that behind every great man
There stands a woman, we black women are there too,
but you can believe it will be side by side,
We are not looking for women's liberation, but
a people liberation.

We want our children to have the same opportunities
that are given your children at birth. Think about it.
You say black is beautiful; is it just the blackness
or we as individuals. Beauty is in the eyes of the
beholder. think about it.
Next time you say black is beautiful, reflect on it
with more than your mouth.

M. Reddick

LET'S SUPPOSE

Let's suppose

your love was true
you were loyal and honest
you cared for me

Let's suppose

you gave me your heart& soul
you gave me your lips & beauty
you gave me all you could

you drank, ate and danced with me
you walked with me and stopped with me
you shared my sorrows and your
laughter with me

Let's suppose

I meant everything and more to you
I was your dreams & realities
I was your dusk and dawn
I was the sunshine of your life

Let's suppose

you couldn't live without me
you couldn't breathe without me

Let's suppose

you could climb the mountains for me
and swim the oceans for me

Let's suppose

I was the first and the last
like you said-
yesterday
and today

I was a nickle
and you found a dime

and now

Let's suppose

your love's true
you are loyal and honest
you care for him

Let's suppose

he means everything and more to you
he's the sunshine of your life

Let's suppose

you couldn't live without him
you couldn't breathe without him

Let's suppose

he's the first and the last

until?

M Baig

sperm and its attachments

to young american boys
he is waiting for you
he is waiting with his knives
his hands are woodcutter's hands
his friend the cricket waits
his friend the fox waits
they are all waiting for you

geppetto is waiting
he is waiting for your bodies
he is waiting in the alleyways
his hands are not philosophical
his friend the cat waits
his friend the whale waits
geppetto likes his boys young

Wilson Stapleton

THE INMATE

I am the man who sits in his cell,
wondering what is worse, here or hell.
For myself I did the crime, but for
society I'll do the time.
Looking back over the ages, I see I was
headed for the wrong places.

Now I sit wondering why with nothing
to look forward to, but the sky.
I see I am no longer free,
and this really bothers me.

So this time I will have to do,
hoping never to return to being a fool.
My hope for a little reform,
Comes with the downing of each new morn.

For I feel this is no longer my fate,
To be called "THE INMATE".

Shakie Verner

Sand castles
upon the shores
of life

Built
by hand
made dreams
of yesterday

Being
washed away
in a
sea
of
memories.

As
my heart joins
my soul
They
create the images
which give my
dreams their beauty
and perfection.....

Reg Bailey

POYLS OF WISDOM

by Parahamster Dönüt and
The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Dindon



Now hear this - this is Parahamster Donut, Imperial Dogmatist of the Worshipful Order of Loquacious Zoolarists speaking. I demand silence!!!!!!

That is much better. I don't know how all you sprouts expect to ever learn anything. Your jaws never stop working. Yap Yap Yap all the time. I think this, I think that, don't you realize nobody cares what you think? All the meaningless drivel must stop, so you can listen. Still the voices of insecurity, the jabberwocky of mock intelligence. Open your eyes and ears to the truth. I and my wholly brothers will tell you what and when to believe. Right Now!!!!

You will base your belief on the creation story outlined in the February 1963 edition of Better Homes and Gardens. They are speaking of the ancient and mystical truth when they detail the opening of a holy can of Heinz Spagetii. This is known as the Original Sip. We'll get into original sins some other day. Man was merely a whisper of an idea until the Gods (that's right, Capital G) needed man to invent the first can opener. All life as we know it began in the dark ages of the mid 1930 era: as the demand for can openers grew and grew, the armpit of the earth was bespeckled, or fly blown, as some historians choose to call it in their ignorance.

The reason we now have so many conflicting beliefs is that some of the Gods, like Kraft Karma, the eskimo diety, defied the order of things and began to prepare his own orders. Cheese dinners soon developed into prepackaged pizza, which became the compliment of Cheese Whiz, the sacrament of the holy order of Institutional Vermin. With all this idolatry we are forced to witness the infidel dogs all around us in the act of perforating, puncturing, popping, tearing, and ultimate sacrilege, an insane corruption of the O.S.; zip-lock tops. There are even scumbag dieties which, undoubtedly, would have us hide our holy tins in their roadside shrines. NEVER!!!!

Our yogic position for this month is designed to elevate the consciousness of whosoever shall attempt it. First, look by the portal to your shrine and you will find a large sack of holy salt. This will help you purify your bloodstreamer. Eat two handsfull, and immediately following the swallowing, dash into the rectangular prayer area outside the door. Run quickly in the snow or mud in an untracked part and then, when you notice a shortness of breath, turn about and look at the message contained within your tracks. Instant enlightenment will be yours if the message is clear. If it is not clear, then go and throw up. You will have to try later.

The Illustrious Dindon signals that he is ready to tell a short tale from his journey into the wild.

"Well, as you know, I left many months ago to look for and take possession of the Marlboro Talisman. As soon as I left the shrine, I was conveyed by a rickshaw to the local train station where passage to the east was arranged. While I was sitting on the bench awaiting the arrival of my transportation, there came a very old woman, who plunked her twisted form on my left side, and spat some foul brown juice directly at my feet. I supposed this was her way of getting my attention, and she did not make me wait very long. Her voice sounded like it was coming from some very long way, although it grew in intensity to a high pitched wail. I was determined not to show her my bewilderment, as it became clear to me that this old gnome was a sorcerer of definite powers. She turned her glazed eyes with painful slowness to face me, and screeched, directly in my face, "Where d'ye be goon?" I took her to mean my destination, so I told her of my plans, and as soon as I mentioned the guardian of the talisman she howled like a banshee and leaped to her tiny feet and

with amazing agility plunged off the platform and into the path of the oncoming day-liner. She disappeared immediately, and I was up at the edge looking to see if she had been crushed beneath the massive wheels of the train, which under the best circumstances, could stop neither on a dime nor a crow. It was with rapidly deepening depression and foreboding that I slung my belongings over my shoulder, and moved to the waiting step of the train.

I seated myself beside the window, about halfway through the third car in the line of four passenger carriers and about twenty freight cars. I was greatly distressed over the fate of the old woman, when I heard a great commotion in the car ahead. Thinking that they had discovered the body of the wretch, I pulled my hat down over my eyes, wishing to avoid involvement in the incident. The shrieks of the women drew louder and I realized that there was someone pounding on my window. I made a furtive glance at the window and was both horrified and relieved to see the aged and agitated face of the old woman persistently motioning, her liver-spotted talons wildly raking at the air. I perceived that she wanted me to open the window, but the idea was out of the question as I felt from her appearance and motioning she could only do me some evil. I turned to ignore her, but the hairs on the back of my neck, as well as my head seemed to rise. I felt again her urgency, and as I turned to face the woman again, I saw her in the process of drawing back with her hand, and intending to strike out the window. To my great surprise, as her hand flew across the short space, it opened to show a shiny foil package, and just as I expected to either see her hand broken by the impact or the window shattered in front of me, an object of considerable weight hit me in the chest, flinging me out of my seat and on the floor. I quickly regained my seat, but the woman had vanished, leaving the window unbroken, and me clutching a cold parcel to my bruised chest. I sat down heavily and began to unfold the scotch tape and tinfoil binding, as the train began our journey, the clickety clack mantra of mechanical precision.

.....Profundity of the Month.....

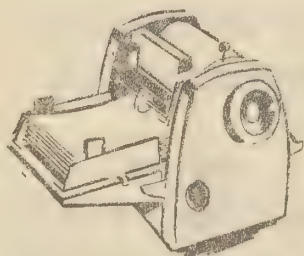
....But what's that got to do with reality??????????

Gestetner

Sales and Service

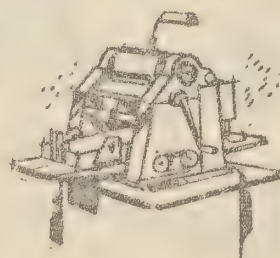
SUPPLIERS OF FINE
DUPLICATING AND
OFFSET EQUIPMENT

COMPLETE RANGE
OF COLOURS IN
STENCIL & OFFSET
DUPLICATING PAPER
AND COVER STOCK



-Coast to Coast-

Gestetner



AA MEDICINE

by Harry L.



Last September, the Faithful Group AA was privileged to have a group of visitors from an AA group in New Brunswick in attendance at one of their Sunday meetings. Among those present was an Indian man whom we shall call Sam A.

Sam told us that he was from everywhere because he is in AA, and AA has over a million members. He said today was Sunday but that he was practicing an old Indian Religion, one that has been in practice on this continent for over a thousand years.

Sunday was God's day, but in his religion everyday was Sunday, belonging to God. Each day he would ask the Great Spirit, the Creator, or God, however a person wished to refer to him, to guide his life for that day.

I came across a story recently in a publication from Stoney Mountain Institution that put me in mind of Sam A.'s words immediately:

"In The Life Of An Indian"

In the life of an Indian, there was only one inevitable duty - the duty of prayer - daily recognition of the unseen and eternal. His daily devotions were more necessary to him than daily food.

He wakes at daybreak, puts on his moccasins and steps down to the water's edge. Here, he throws handfuls of clear cold water into his face, or plunges in bodily.

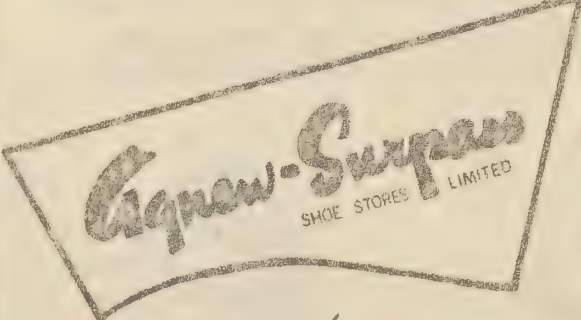
After the bath, he stands erect before the advancing dawn, facing the sun as it dances upon the horizon, and offers his unspoken orison.

His mate may precede or follow him in his devotion, but never accompanies him. Each soul must meet the morning sun, the new sweet earth, and the great silence alone.

Whenever in the course of the daily hunt, the red hunter comes upon a scene that is strikingly beautiful or sublime - a black thundercloud with a rainbow's glowing arch above the mountain, a white waterfall in the heart of a green gorge, a vast prairie tinged with a blood red sunset - he pauses for an instant in the attitude of worship.

He sees no need for setting aside one day in seven as a Holy Day, since to him all days are God's.

Author Unknown



Where smart styles Originate

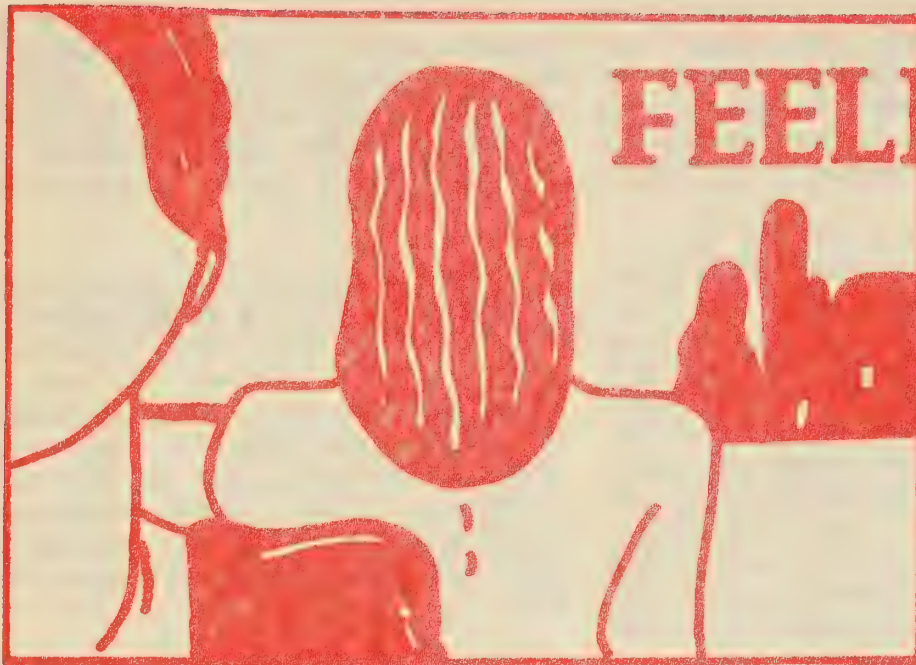


FAMILY SHOES

77 VICTORIA ST.
AMHERST N.S.

HOURS

Mon. - Thur.	9 - 5.30
Friday	9 - 9.00
Saturday	9 - 5.30



FEELINGS

INTRODUCTION:

In the past month we received various written comments on the state of affairs as seen by members of the inmate population here at Springhill. Although the subjects of commentary were diverse, a common element bound them together as we read them. Suddenly it became apparent that deep feelings were being expressed in each item; that a strong desire to share these feelings with other people brought them out of the mind and onto paper, through us at The Communicator, and into your hands. TC

TO REMEMBER ME...

The day will come when my body will lie upon a white sheet neatly tucked under four corners of a mattress located in a hospital busily occupied with the living and the dying. At a certain moment the doctor will determine that my brain has ceased to function and that, for all intents and purposes, my life has stopped.

When that happens, do not attempt to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And don't call this my deathbed. Let it be called the Bed of Life, and let my body be taken from it to help others lead fuller lives.

Give my sight to a man that has never seen a sunrise, a baby's face, or love in the eyes of a woman. Give my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing but endless days of pain. Give my blood to a teenager who was pulled from the wreckage of his car, so that he may live to see his grandchildren play. Give my kidneys to one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week. Take my bones, every muscle, every fiber and nerve in my body, and find a way to make a crippled child walk.

Explore every corner of my brain. Take my cells, if necessary, and let them grow so that, someday, a speechless boy will shout at the crack of a bat and a deaf girl will hear the sound of rain against her window.

Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the winds to help the flowers grow. If you must bury something, let it be my faults, my weaknesses, and all prejudice against my fellow man. Give my sins to the devil. Give my soul to God.

If, by chance, you wish to remember me, do it with a kind deed or word to somebody who needs you. If you do all I have asked, I will live forever.

Don Rene Latour
March, 1977

"LONELINESS"

Lonely people suffer deeply...
For a prisoner it can be hell

This is an article being written while I am sitting in my cell (Home) at the Springhill Federal Penitentiary. The reason for it being written in my cell is simply because it is quiet and peaceful most of the time, and gives me an opportunity to write this article.

I am a prisoner, confined within four walls. Since arriving here I have come to know all there is to know about loneliness; my own and that of thousands of men and women across Canada who have been confined for long periods of time.

What does loneliness mean to me and those like me? It means being isolated and being away from everything that has any value or personal meaning in our lives. It means feeling as if no one

cares. It means that our children grow up without us, that our family and friends draw away from us as if the shock of our confinement is too much to take. It means that people and events pass us by because somehow we no longer exist.

For some of us it means a slow withdrawal into ourselves, where our need for social acceptance and family love are tucked away and protected behind a cold facade. Few of us in here even manage to cope with it. We do it at the expense of our deepest needs and feelings. If we ignore it we function, but not as human beings. We do it one day at a time. We exist. And most of the time we return to the street pretty much in one piece. But for others, self-destruction and self-mutilation is the end result.

I have known men who have written upwards of ten letters per week to their wives. In every letter, every other sentence, they say "I miss you. When will you be here to visit? I love you. How are the children?" This goes on for months, even years, until one day a copy of the divorce papers, often without warning, arrives in the mail. The prisoner suddenly finds that he no longer has a home or family. And there is nothing that he can do about it. He is helpless.

I have known men who have literally committed suicide because the letters and visits have stopped from their loved ones. We hang quite literally on every word and visit from the outside. Take love away from man, any man, and he will begin to feel unworthy of love; that he is less, in fact, than human. Eventually he may turn on his body with a razor blade and slice up his arms and face. He may even find a bottle of India Ink and a sewing needle to tattoo himself from head to foot. All this is done simply because others have shown him that he isn't worthy of love.

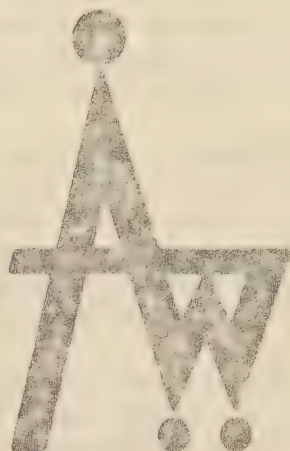
A man can lose his freedom and adjust to it. It is a hard thing to do and a very painful process. Add to this the lost family and home, in short, the very things that make life worth living, and you have an almost intolerable burden.

Penitentiaries are artificial contrivances. It is a phoney world, where every rule and regulation is passed and acted upon by others. It is a world where the only real thing an inmate has is a family who love him and want him home, and who will wait for his ultimate return. In such a world as this, there comes a letter from home telling him he still has a family and children who love him.

Once an iron gate is slammed behind a man walking into prison, he ceases to function as a human being. I have not lived a day in prison where someone has not addressed me, not by name, but rather by a prison number. Many people never stop to consider the fact that inmates are human beings. But behind every act of rage that comes screaming at you across the headlines you will find a lot of lonely people.

Most of what is lacking in this day and age of penal reform, is simple contact of a meaningful variety. When you stop to think about it, the community is isolated from the inmate as the inmate himself is cut off. One thing is certain, we cannot share your world unless you invite us into it. How? I don't really know.

Do you know someone who likes to write letters? There are 9,000 federal inmates all across Canada who would like to receive mail from you. Most of us have lots and lots of spare time to answer you. Would you be interested in visiting an inmate? Perhaps an inmate who hasn't had a visit in years would appreciate your concern. I am sure a way can be found if you really want to



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do it. In fact, there are a hundred different ways to do it, from renewing your interest in someone you already know, to starting programs all your own.

by Robert H. Roy

THE EARTH IS BLACK

The many needs of man are sometimes beyond the capabilities of his mind, therefore he is vulnerable to the society that our forefathers have set up for us. He lives his life hiding in the caves of his fellow man, becoming what the citizens call outcasts. His life consists of lies and deceit, and loves no one, but himself. The earth is black full of him and kind; they congregate in slums and alleyways, some panhandle on busy streets while others lay in places of the alcohol and drug world. Many live their lives in jails and never learn from the first warning of the brick walls.

The earth is black for him unless he finds a way out.

There is a way!

There is a way!

"ONE MUST SEE"

My eyes are weary from the burden of a sour life. I have witnessed the blood and tears and have seen the heartache and suffering. I've had visions of hell and caught a glimpse of insanity. I have taken the life of an unborn child. I saw adultery at its worst. My eyes are tired of these rebellious deeds. Will anyone show me...

Think man, can't you see?!!

There is a way!

There is a way!

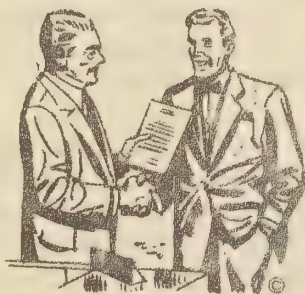
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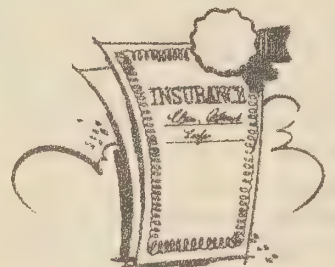
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Con Books Scorpio

There is now a publishing company which handles only books written by cons and excons. Rising from the work done by two Rahway State Prison inmates in New Jersey in editing the anthologies of prison poems and stories, "Voices From The Big House" and "Over The Wall," Zebra Publications has started a new division, called Scorpio Books, and put Frank Earl Andrews in charge as editor. Andrews was serving a long sentence in Rahway, but according to "People" magazine, he "wrote his way out of jail" and into his own publishing company.

Right now Scorpio has a number of books for sale and many underway for the future months. Although the first few books were all writings of long timers at Rahway, the manuscripts are coming in from all over the States and Canada now. In advising potential authors, he emphasizes the need to do a neat typing job with polished grammar and all the other little details; it all helps impress the editor.

For anybody interested, here is a list of the books available from Andrews through the Fortune Society mail order

book service. Listed are the books and prices, to which you should add 35¢ postage and handling costs. Send orders to:

The Fortune Society
29 East 22nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10010 USA

SCORPIO BOOK LIST:

VOICES FROM THE BIG HOUSE (Pyramid: \$1.25) This was the first (1972) anthology by Andrews and his fellow prisoner, Albert Dickens. Contributors are all long timers at Rahway, including Rubin 'Hurricane' Carter.

OVER THE WALL (Pyramid: \$1.50) The followup anthology, including stories, poems, and essays. Contributors are men and women from numerous institutions.

PROSE AND CONS (Pyramid: \$1.75) The third anthology (1976), which Joyce Carol Oates called "remarkably varied, engrossing and disturbing."

DIG THE NIGGER UP-LET'S KILL HIM AGAIN by Robert Ehinn (Zebra/Scorpio: \$1.95) An autobiography of a three time loser in a New Jersey prison.

THE BLACK PRINCE (Zebra/Scorpio: \$1.95) The author is anonymous. He is a former bigtime pimp and he explores and exposes his past profession.

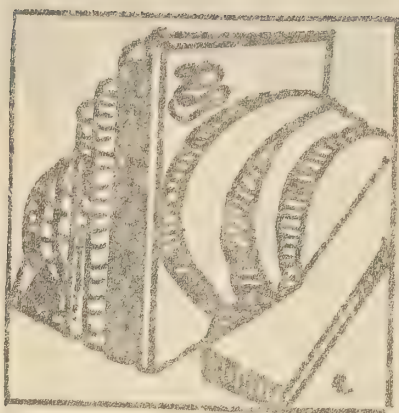
GREENHAVEN DIARY by Edward Conway (Zebra Scorpio: \$1.95) Soon-to-be released diary of a New York inmate. It is an intimate portrait of the vicissitudes of prison life.

THE DAY THEY SCRAMBLED MY BRAINS AT THE FUNNY FACTORY by Max Rabinowitz (Zebra/Scorpio: \$1.95) Ex-con Rabinowitz reveals another side of insanity and the institutions that perpetuate it.

THE VIRGINIA RATT by Ratton (Zebra/Scorpio: \$1.95) The author describes himself as a hustler, mack man, stuff player, con mentor and whore pimping all in one. This is his story.



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BOOK REVIEW

by Greg Scott

EATERS OF THE DEAD

MICHAEL CRICHTON

Knopf Books, 193 pages. Other books in print include "Five Patients", "The Great Train Robbery", "Andromeda Strain".

The same careful style of Andromeda Strain is found in this book. This is not fiction, although that is where to look for it in our library.

Crichton has researched the Journal of Ibn Fadlan, the ambassador of a 10th century Arab Sultan. It seems the sultan was interested in the country to the far north, and sent Fadlan to explore and bring the blessings of Allah to whoever he met there.

After some travelling and strange experiences, the ambassador finds himself in the company of Norsemen, or the Vikings. He has some difficulty understanding these wild people, but grows to respect them and their ways. As it soon develops, they are living in constant threat of horrible death from the creatures who come when the fog shrouds the moors. The journalist is befriended by the local warriors when he fights as one of their own in a skirmish with the bear like beasts.

After the usual boozing and licking of wounds, the men ride off to slay the killers as they sleep, but find that by some chance the pack has drifted into subterranean caverns where they are most protected.

This action packed book is no surprise, coming from Micheal Crichton, but it is a surprise to find it resting with the fiction department.

COPS AND ROBBERS. DONALD WESTLAKE.

Published by M Evans and Company. 286pgs
Author of "Bank Shot", "Jimmy The Kid",
"Somebody Owes Me Money", and "Hot Rock"

This latest book of a funny writer is not quite so funny, but I don't think

Our Institutional Library has at least ten thousand volumes, available to everyone here on each afternoon and each weeday evening, except wednesday. In a few past issues, we have reviewed a series of books. This seems a good idea as the summer months are coming upon us and the use of the library falls off to some degree. Anyhow, in the next few issues, we'll have a book section for your attention.

that is a failure for one minute. Westlake has turned two New York City cops into two real people, slowly dying from prolonged exposure to the city.

The two men are constantly dealing with people who remind them how stupid their work is, and their lives are slowly becoming. One Stinkhot day a bold move is made and the tone of the novel is set. The expression of frustration, the impotence, the heat, the futility of keeping up the farce and a few other wee things sends one of them into desperatic motion and he liberates all the on-hand cash of a corner liquor store. Within a few weeks they are plotting a million dollar heist for their retirement plans.

The author's style is to show the action from the different characters own point of view, so that it gets dragged out a bit, but the thoughtfulness of each of them is sometimes a bit much. I must say that I think Mr. Westlake had a movie in mind as he wrote this latest, a book of mystery, of cross, of double-cross, and double-double cross in an old tame French Connection. I would doubt, if this book makes it to the screen that the depth of character would come thru but the action packed chase scenes would probably satisfy most viewers.

At least worth reading, if only to see what happens before the movie is released.

OUR LADY OF DARKNESS

FRITZ LEIBER

Published by Berkley Books. 185 pages.

This fascinating book deals with a great many subjects in passing. Some of these include writing, witchcraft, music and insanity, drugs and alcohol.

The main character, Franz, has reason to be paranoid. Years ago in a haze of booze and sorrow he bought some books in a dusty corner of San Francisco, and what he found in them shaped, and nearly

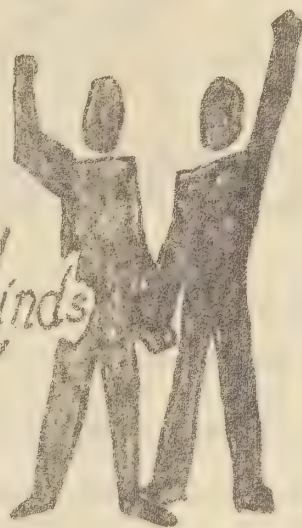
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The Rivers of Many Minds



All too often the men of California prisons (as well as the men imprisoned nation wide) find media notoriety through their not-so-popular actions within the institutional setting. For a refreshing change, however, my colleagues and I have put together a book of prison writings, under the title RIVERS OF MANY MINDS, by the Black Fox Publishing Company.

Due to be released in January 1977, this book culminates a dream which began some twenty months ago while I was serving time at the Susanville Correctional Centre. Naturally, the final aspect to this project requires positive exposure in popular publications, in hopes of aiding the difficult task of attempting a "facelift", as it were, to the terrible image convicts in this country suffer under.

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Please send me _____ copy(s) of The Rivers of Many Minds. I am enclosing a check for \$4.00 each plus 50¢ postage.

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(BOOK REVIEW cont.)

ended his life. By a strange twist of fate, he was caught in the middle of a whirl of magic spells and a mysterious history lesson.

Fritz Leiber has woven a modern epic tale of fantasy and parareality that will bend your head and make you shivers as you pass by large buildings and massive steel and glass structures.

The magnetic and psychic forces of these huge buildings have been documented by a turn of the century sorcerer, much in the way pyramids have come under

scrutiny in recent years. This old man tried to make people believe him and his theories about cities, but they merely humoured him, and he plotted to show the truth of it all. Franz has unwittingly stumbled into the journal of one student, and as he slowly puts the puzzle together, the forces are gathering strength for a crushing blow.

The excitement comes across very well, and the breathless pace of the few last chapters makes it all very worthwhile.

This book is found in science fiction, but relates to work by B. Fuller and his interest in the shapes of our buildings and rooms.



PROBLEM SOLVING continued from page 12

hills like the railroads did.

Our bent bottle opener should be replaced with something that can turn the nuts. It would be a good idea to see what other people use, either by watching, or by asking, or looking in a book, or maybe by building a special tool to do exactly what you have in mind.

The guy who is being hollered at, if he's still around, might not understand the words you've been using, or he might be better off if you drew a picture, or use sign language. It might be a good idea to get a person who speaks his language, if that is the problem.

The house you want to build will have to wait until you either learn all the stuff you have to know, or 'til you hire someone else to build it.

Driving the car is the same thing. You are going to have to get somebody to show you the trick to it, or you're going to have to fool around until you figure it out for yourself. You could solve two problems at once by getting someone to drive where you want to go, and watching them do the shifting.

The maintenance problem has almost been solved at this point, and I'd bet you have at least two ideas to solve them. You could buy ten pair of socks a week and throw them out when they're dirty, if you have money to burn. You could wash them out as you finish with them. If neither of these make you happy, then you can check out going barefoot, or never washing them at all, whatever seems best to you.

Getting along with people is still complicated at times, but if you take each one as a person with feelings, thoughts, and rights all his own, then it's not too hard. You could think that everyone else in the world is stupid and crazy, but that will cause you a lot of problems, especially if you tell them you think they're both stupid and crazy. Nobody should expect that you must like everybody. It would be asking too much. All that is necessary is to respect them as a person, and if you get to like some, well great, but it's not so bad when you don't like somebody, and it doesn't matter a bit if they don't like you, so long as they respect you as a free person.

I guess the most important things to have with you when solving problems are carried around in your head. Patience to wait and figure things out, and wait for the results without turning up the gas. Courage to know what you think and how to say it when the right time comes. Don't find out what you think when it comes running out your mouth. Faith that you will make the right decision, and that it is worth while to bother solving things.

Start slowly, don't tear your world all to Hell in one afternoon, because you might not get it back together, and after all, you have the rest of your life to fool around at it.

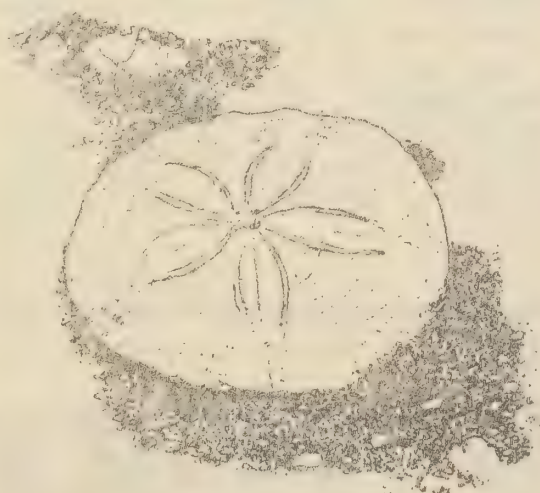
You must have the will to learn more about the world, and everything in it, and to admit, if only to ourselves that we could be wrong, or don't know. It's a challenge to always be finding out new things, and using them to make your life a bit better.

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In the past month or so, Living Unit #8 has gone through what we will call the Heavy Metamorphosis. Since the King has left for his vacation, we have had the opportunity of having one cell fire followed by a gigantic heat wave. Two of our inmates had a brief vacation in the adjustment center, one whom the staff decided should live his life elsewhere, such as New Brunswick. With this and other bad vibes, one wonders if it would be possible for the inmates to remain sane and unhostile, and wonder what the King will think once he again takes the throne.

As for the ranges themselves, well, they have been trying. The most attention this session seems to have focused upon F-Range. It was left almost vacant due to the ever fatal bag epidemic. Mild cases of this disease were reported on B Range also. With the temporary closing of Industrial Paint, things are looking much better. C-Range has asked for volunteers for a fire brigade, although it may not be needed for quite a while. A, D, and E-Ranges seem to be functioning very well lately.

We have a lot of newcomers arriving. I look around the unit and see many new faces who seem to have slipped in. This may be due to the fact that Reception is full and just waiting to be let loose upon us. I also noticed two old faces that have come back; Fillis and Parnell must have missed us.

The staff received a present from the institution consisting of a fancy window in the office. This is a very good move, because now the office can be aired out, if you know what I mean. In the three days it took to have it installed, I discovered both the staff and inmates were quite amused to see real working class people milling about.

In sports, the ball hockey team did very well. They would like to express their gratitude to a great coach, Percy Mills. Not only did he do a fine job in the past series, but he also made it possible for a sports banquet with guests from outside. So on behalf of the team, I would like to say thanks Percy, a very good show.

METAMORPHOSIS

by S. VERNER & T. DARGAVEL

Although donut hockey didn't quite finish, Unit #8 cleaned up anyways. With our 'Six Foot Line', consisting of Rambling Reddick, Knockover Nixon, and Powerful Powell, we left the opposing goaltenders with red necks and leaving their players slightly bruised. While Sneakers Dargi and Dangerous Dean did a powerful job of killing most of the penalties as well as dazzling the opponents with their dazzling stick-handling. Meanwhile, back at the net, Magnificent Maillet kept a beautiful goal well above average, losing only one game out of six to the underdogs of #11. The cool, calm, and collected head of coach Marvelous Mills did a wonderful job of coaching and by using his reverse charm, he succeeded in aggravating the opponents.

The general attitude here at the unit seems to be good, considering some of the bad vibes coming down. Hopefully things will start back at normal with the return of the King. If not, well... C'est la vie!



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PUNCHING TIME

by RAGTAG TORO

IN NUMBER NINE

Ancient Sparta was renowned for the excellence of its athletes; their prowess and success in the athletic arena was reputedly second to none in all of ancient Greece. Since the inhabitants of Sparta were ethnically the same as everyone they competed against, it is generally believed that it was their peculiar Spartan way of living that contributed to their pre-eminence upon the sports field.

And the Spartan way of living was something less than enjoyable--if the historians are to be believed. Theirs was the life of cold water showers and stripped out drums to survive in hellish simplicity. They existed in misery and privation, and it was their lot to pretend to enjoy it--but they took out their frustrations upon the battlefields and, in time of peace, in competition upon the playing fields--whether in javelin throwing, discuss hurling, or in plain old beating the feet.

Hence the continuing success of the various teams that pour forth from this unit cause one to wonder if there is some modern day parallel between those who survive the rigours of this unit and those ancient warriors. Just as those who luxuriate in #10 may burn the midnight oil in late night television, those in #8--we are told--have been recently engaged in Easter feasting upon roasted chestnuts whilst Rome burned. We are still endeavouring to discover the manifold sins of the citizens of #11, but suffice it to observe that the comparison is worth considering.

Whether or not the success of our athletes is worth the misery and frustrating privation of living in this unit

is something which no one has yet dared to voice an opinion on, but this rubber neck will try to glide or slide between the horns of the dilemma to congratulate our worthy heroes who have sweated out their woes in the concentration of fierce competition in basketball, in the three categories of hockey, and the other less well recognized forms of participation.

Noteworthy amongst our various competitive activities has been the basketball tournament which has only just finished. An agile team captained by Malcolm Lynch and with Wayne Toney, John Ettinger, Dave Bloomfield, Pete Lively, Shane Green, Dana Wright, Chris Clark, Paul and Kelly Legue in tow, with Ol' Rube Sotello limping behind as statistician, really whumped all comers. Whilst some of the competition wisely and discretely conceded defeat, #11 hung in there with sheer ferocity (Hi there, Ferocity!) and all manner of stratagems that I don't remember reading in the rule book.

Even when Dave Bloomfield offered to give the foe a head start by scoring against his own team from the very first jump-ball in the third playoff, #11 were swamped 4-0 in the final best-of-seven. Malcolm Lynch picked up the trophy for most valuable player with 188 points for the season, trailed by Wayne Toney with 90 and Shane Green with 22.

Other units may take heart that Malcolm will soon be leaving the joint, but others in the abyss of their depression will sagely nod their heads when they notice that Wayne Toney is already in training for Field Day which will hopefully come off in August; Wayne can then give us another display of how to properly "beat the feet."

Light Fingers and Twinkle Toes

in No. 10

by Paul Roy



Inmate Code - where has it gone? Right out the window, I suppose, along with the coffee, tobacco, and various other articles. It's pretty bad when a guy starts stealing from fellow inmates, he's got to be some kind of klepto. The boys could get dangerously nasty if he were to be caught. So whoever you are, quit while the going is good, things could get hectic!

Now that the Discussion Committee has lost their colorful chairman, Brooksy, to the Parrrtown Center, where can they turn? Is it possible that Sugar Valdez may be leading the pack? I hear he's doing a fine job bringing in recruits to the unit. Keep 'em coming, Sugar. Like they say, "There's always room for one more."

Proposals for a chocolate sale, a garden project, and a hobby co-op are still percolating with no action yet. I would think it's a little too slow going.

If you look closely you may notice the short timers loafing around getting sun tans, having last minute work outs, generally, just getting ready for the street. And if you notice those by the door you may see a few familiar faces, returning for a repeat performance. Good luck boys, and that goes for the boys on the way out too. All in all though, the population is balancing out.

Big Bad Bob (The Barber) is gonna tick around keeping the boys hair in shape for awhile. He just wanted to

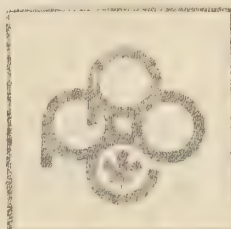
check out A range before he leaves. At a way to do 'er Bob, "Let's have a round for the boys."

Wayne McGrath, unit loan shark or credit union manager, did a good job with the bingo in the unit. Quite a few nice prizes were won and everyone had a good time. Strange though how the same people kept winning? Keep up the good work Wayne.

At the sports banquet this year, George Diggs won a trophy for lifting 1130 lbs. in a total of three lifts. Jerry Reddick won Most Valuable Player of the year for his fantastic performance on the All Star Team.

The prancing body builder wins praise from everyone in the unit for his breathtaking poses in front of the window by the fishbowl, once overheard saying, "I'm not that small, am I?" Keep it up, someday you'll be a big boy.

As the spring fever hits Springhill the inmates of #10 are getting more and more into sports. The softball team, under the management of Dick and John, won the long weekend round robin ball tournament. The end was a neck and neck battle to the finish with #11. Everyone on the team gets a hat and a pat on the back. Al McLeod held his own on the mound and didn't do to bad at bat either, with a ball magnet in his pocket. Everyone on the team deserves a big hand, good work boys.



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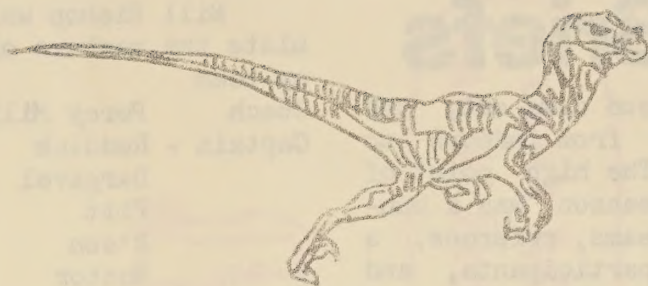


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NO 11: IT'S A MAD MAD WORLD

by JOHN LEE ZARD
and LAHR JESS HUNTER

The fine weather is just coming into view, and with it the spirits of the population are soaring. For the past little while there has been a type of holiday air about the place, as distant and charming as a Hawaiian breeze, and at times as savage and mysterious as a Columbian nightfall. The reasons for this jump in attitude is a mystery, but its benefits can easily be seen. John Lee Zard has been observing with some amusement at the rise in the gay banter throughout the unit. This is only interrupted periodically when four or five individuals come to blows with each other. But even this is a necessary avenue for the release of tension and should not be thought of as queer.

There are also one or two drawbacks which accompany this new found feeling of freedom. There is atleast one individual in the unit who is acting as Robin Hood, depriving those who may possess some material wealth of their goods and giving it to those in the not so well off units of the land. This is a splendid gesture, but you must remember that the lords of these goods are of a jealous nature and will fight for what they own. An old remedy has been suggested to cure this merry minstrel of his malady. It is an old remedy which has been in effect for many years, and has proven to be most effective. It calls for the breaking of the ten knuckles on the infected persons hands, and ensures relief from this disease for a long time. I have been told that when this Robin Hood is found that this procedure will be followed, 'for his own good, of course.'

The Easter weekend saw L.U. #11 play host to the unofficial Scrabble

tournament finals featuring Jack Floyd pontificating that any fool knows that 'Codswean' is a word, and that the Ahu Indians use the bark of the 'Codswean' for the poison on their arrows. Since nobody was willing to admit that they were fools, the word was not accepted. Perhaps the word was mixed up with that of bane.

We had one major casualty this time around. The Ack, in trying to get off work for a day or so, induced an attack of appendicitis. He did this by listening to the life story of Shawn Reardon until his own laughter ruptured the said appendix. But the Ack does not quit easily, and he was back on his feet three days later. What a sight to see, the Ack looked like a twelve year old with a hairy halter top on. The only thing funnier than this was the way he could laugh and be in total agony at the same time. Ack, by the way, is a recent follower of the cult of Beetle, a Buddha like man who will eat nothing but chins because, as he says, "The kitchen is too far a journey for me at this age." The Beetle goes out once a month to visit those of the outside world, visiting his family, who has long since learned to respect his ruling with a strong will.

So the days are becoming longer and the atmosphere is refreshing (like on laundry day). Everybody goes about their duties and lives in perpetual solitude. And once or twice you may see one lone individual gazing at the great fence, and if you listen closely you will hear him utter that word which is on the lips of many. That immortal exclamation of wonder at it all, "MARVEL".

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106 Townsend St.
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Sports Briefs

Since the last issue came out, the sports scene has gone from indoors to outdoor activities. The high point of the immediately past season was a banquet for all winning teams, referees, a few especially active participants, and some graceful ladies, guests of the evening.

From the world out there, we had a few celebrity type guests, who mainly presented the awards, and gave us short talks from their respective fields.

by Sports Writer

Awards were given to the # 9 Basketball team by Al Hart. The team was as follows;

Captain - Lynch	Ettinger
Clark	Wright
Bloomfield	Green
Toney	Paul
Lively	Legue

This team fought very hard for the superiority they demonstrated, # 11 was their stiffest competition, Stan The Man Manning and Chris Boutilier in particular. MVP was Jerry Reddick of # 10.

Marty Smith

The # 11 Ball Hockey Team was also recognized for their victory. D. Jones handed out the awards.

Captain - Purcell	LeBlanc	Langille
Asst Cap Marshall	Deere	
Young	MacArthur	
Sexton	Patterson	
Mersereau	Savoie	
McGraw	Reid (MVP)	

The # 11 team would like to thank a newcomer for his work on the team

The # 11 team would like to thank a newcomer for his work on the team, Mike Patterson.

Bill Bishop was on hand to congratulate the members of the # 8 Floor Hockey team

Coach	Percy Mills	Maillette
Captain -	Reddick	Jodrey
	Dargavel	Bevis
	Pitt	Powell
	D'eon	McLean
	Hector	Carroll

Netman Maillette was called "Unbeatable" as a result of his efforts. Melvin Reddick did a good job in his play for the unit. Coach Mills thanks everyone for a job "Well Done".



The weight lifters received their awards from Arden Thurber. In the Heavy Weight division, Diggs lifted a total of 1130 lbs, Middle Weight Carrier pushed a sum of 960 lbs, and Light Weight Benwell hefted 810 lbs.

The best all - round athlete award went to Stan "The Man" Manning, and was presented by Reg Caufield.

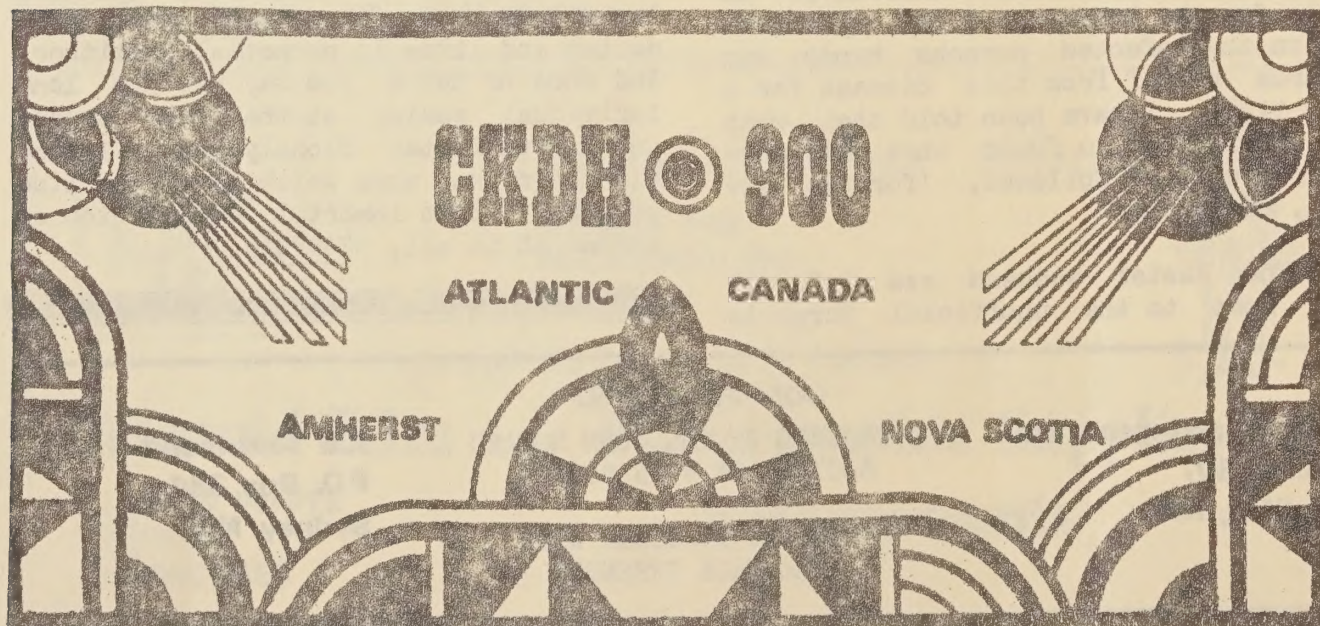
Gerry Reid took the Sportsman of the Year Award, donated by Reg Caufield.

Softball is now the major attrac

Softball is now the major attraction and spectator sport. At least two teams from each unit will keep the field dusty until at least August.

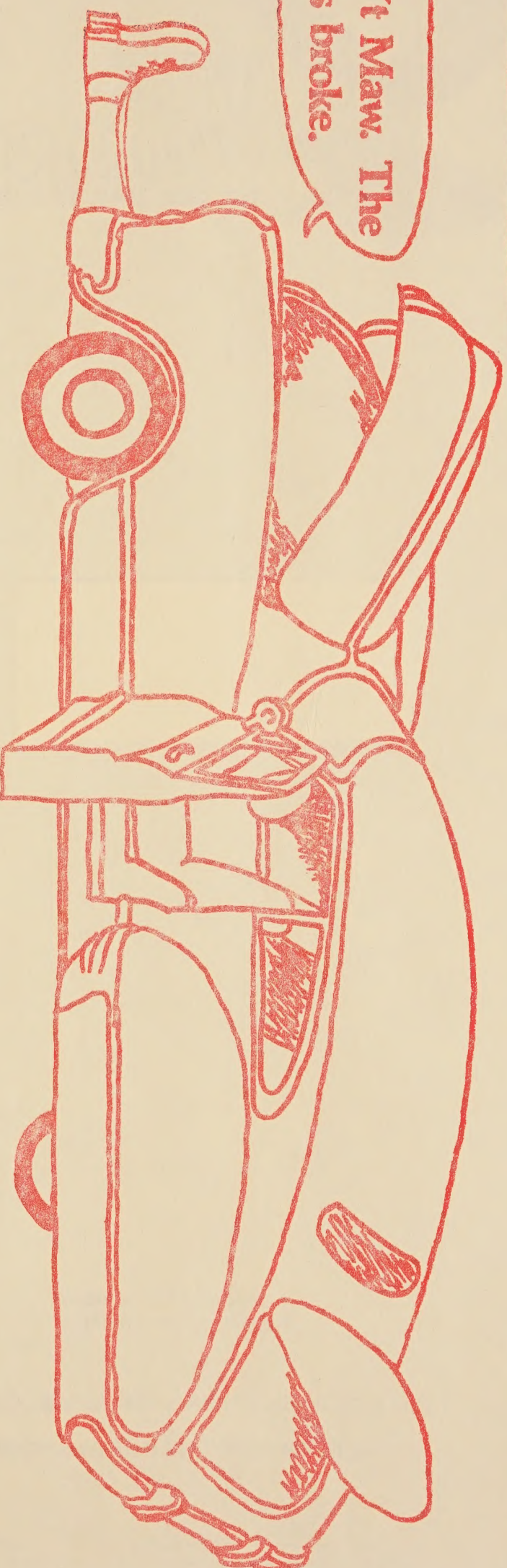
The iron has been moved outdoors, so the lifters can get a tan while working out.

The track looks good this year, so we may have some good track events for the annual Field Day competition.



Sonny, run down to the store
and pick up the latest issue of
The Communicator.

I can't Maw. The
car is broke.

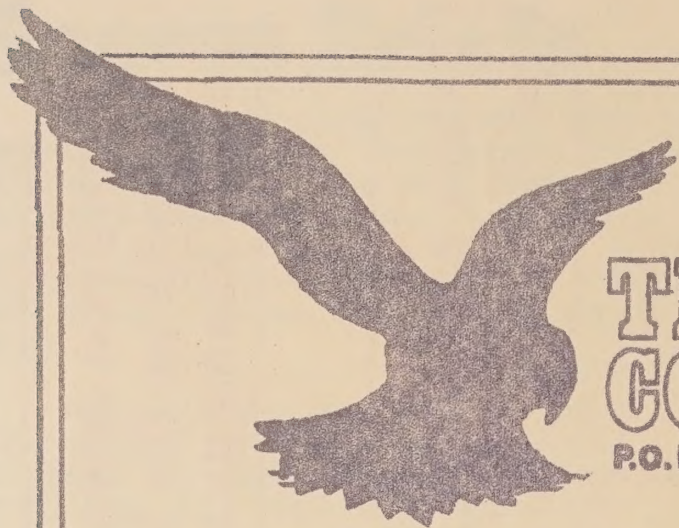


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